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1606/3.

# EPISTLE

TO THE

King of *SWEDEN*

FROM A

# LADY

OF

# GREAT-BRITAIN.

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DUBLIN:

Re-printed by *Samuel Fairbrother* in Skinner-  
Row, over-against the *Tholsel*, 1717.



A N  
E P I S T L E  
TO THE  
K I N G of *Sweden*,  
FROM A  
L A D Y of *Great-Britain*.

**T**O *Thee* rude Warrior, whom we once  
[ admir'd,  
And thought thy Actions spoke *Thee* half  
[ inspir'd,  
While Justice held the Ballance of thy  
[ Cause,  
And ev'ry Language sounded *Thy* Applause:  
But since Ambition and Revenge prevails,  
*Thy* Glories languish, and our Wonder fails;  
To *Thee* a WOMAN sends with Gen'rous Care,  
And Warns thy Rashness timely to beware.

FAME now a Tale of fresher Date has told,  
 Beyond thy mad Romantick Feats of Old:  
 Our Malecontents thy numerous Squadrons boast,  
 Describe thy Penants waving on our Coast,  
 And to the Fearful cry, *Britannia's lost!*  
 But we, who know the Genius of our Isle,  
 At their Report, and thy Invasion smile.

ARE not our *Dames* in every Climate fam'd?  
*Les Belles Angloises* by ev'ry Nation nam'd?  
 Are not our *Youth* in foreign Fields admir'd?  
 Alike by *Valour* and by *Love* inspir'd?  
 And shall those Fair ones, who the Morning pass,  
 Consulting that dear Friend to Love, the Glass;  
 To set the Favourite and the Patch to place;  
 To bow, and glance it with becoming Grace  
 To melt the Heroes Heart, and charm his Eyes,  
 Fall to *Thy Gothick* Rage a Sacrifice?  
 No, to thy Terror learn, our *British Youth*,  
 Are fam'd for *Honour*, *Constancy* and *Truth*:  
 Each wou'd as soon consent *Thy Cause* to aid:  
 As yield the Fair to whom his Vows are paid.  
 Unlike the Passive Females of thy Land,  
 The Arbitrators of the *War* we stand,  
 At *Flurt of Fan*, our armed Legions fly,  
 And they who dare offend, must dare to die.  
 We know thy daring Heart is nurs'd in Blood,  
 Wild as the fiercest Savage of the Wood;

With Fame like this, in Northern *Slaughter* shine,  
 Rough as the frozen Bear, thy Neigh'ring Sign:  
 But here thy brutal Force no Crown shall gain,  
 By *Love*, as well as *Arms* our Monarchs Reign;  
 Can we our *GEORGE* and his lov'd *RACE* disown,  
 To find thy barren Chastity a Throne?

No! in *Thy* shaggy *Rugg* rude Slumbers take,  
 And dream of Conquests *Thou* shalt never make;  
 At distance be *Thy* Leathern *Doublet* worn,  
 Nor risque *Thy* Life to purchase certain Scorn;  
 For now the *Wormwood-Dam'sels* apprehend  
 The dismal Consequence of such a Friend:  
 Begin to tremble at the Truths they hear,  
 And vow their Champions shall for *George* declare:  
 They fear *Thy* Taft shou'd lead young *James* astray,  
 And quite unman their Monarch ev'ry way:  
 In his Excuse they still would have to tell,  
 Tho' War's his Foe, He loves exceeding well;  
 The Proof from whence he sprung, is not to Fight;  
 His *Surgeon* proves *Hereditary* Right.

BUT if by *Thy* Example he should grow  
 Cold as *Thy* Rocks of Ice, and Hills of Snow:  
 Shou'd he clean Linnen hold in dire Disgrace,  
 And *Sable Crape* his Ivory Neck encase:  
 Shou'd he, like *Thee*, on Shives of coarsest Bread,  
 Rudely with dirty Thumbs his Butter spread;  
 Banish



Banish the generous Juice of Grapes away,  
 And with small acid Tiff his Thirst allay;  
 Swallow lean hasty Meals of Tattle's Roots,  
 And Eat, and Drink, and Live and Reign in Boots;  
 Shou'd he like *Thee* regardless of the Fair,  
 Lye down to Sleep, and only wake to War;  
 Cou'd he in Arms, like Gallant *Brunswick* Shine,  
 Yet wou'd his *Female* Friends his Cause decline,  
 Nor justify a Right so slovenly Divine.

CONSULT *Thy* Safety; send no Armies forth  
 Beyond the Confines of *Thy* Frozen North:  
 Since of our *British* Fair this Truth is told,  
 We love the Chaste, but we abhor the Cold:  
 But if thy daring Folly will proceed,  
 Fate drives *Thee* forward, and *Thy* Fall's decreed.

EACH lovely Toast, her Hero's Soul inspires,  
 Urges the War, and wakes his Martial Fires:  
 Think but what Terrors will *Thy* Spirits seize  
 When *Thou* shalt face such Enemies as these;  
 See a Battalion lac'd with Point d'*span*,  
 And warm in glowing Velvets leads the Van:  
 With Warlike Air, th' embroider'd Chiefs appear,  
 And gracefully the Looms rich Labours wear.  
 In Modish Order, o'er their shoulders fly  
*Deville's* Wiggs, or *Lockman's* smarter Tye;

The

The Gold-clock'd Stocking draws the Gazer's Sight;  
 And *Verdon's* Red-top'd Shoe, stitch'd round with  
 [White;

Fine *Mailin* Laces round their Fingers play  
 From Snowy Shirts at least chang'd twice a Day.

THESE well-dress'd *Youths* to *Thy* Destruction move,  
 And Vict'ry waits upon the Wings of Love,  
 Our Sexes Softness is to thee unknown;  
 What by a Look, or one kind Kiss is done!  
*Thou*, who a stranger art to Love's Delight.  
 Can'st ne'er imagine how these Lovers Fight,  
 These are the *Men*, who on the *Flandrian* Plains  
 O'erthrew the *Grand Monarch* in Ten Campaigns:  
 Will these give way before *Thy Vandal* Host  
 And yield their former Labours all for lost?  
 No, these for *Liberty*, and *Beauty* draw,  
 And all around the Neighb'ring Tyrants awe;  
 These Cock, take Snuff, invoke the darling Fair,  
 And then dispatch the Foe *endebonair*.

AIM then no more, fond Prince, at *George's* Throne,  
 Wake from the flatt'ring Dream, and guard thy own,  
 In ev'ry Element alike we Reign,  
 And launch our ready Squadrons on the Main:  
 Our Champions, jocund o'er the flowing Bowl,  
 Reigns in their Wooden Worlds, from Pole to Pole;  
 Fearless of Danger, cut their conqu'ring Way,

And

And from invading Tyrants scour the Sea.  
 Safer thou might'st in Lakes of Sulphur sleep,  
 Than brave these dreadful Masters of the Deep :  
 Beneath their Cannons roar, thy Flaggs must fall,  
*ORFORD* presides, and these are *Brittons* all.  
 These, bold as Lyons, will the Fight maintain,  
 Or drive thee back, or sink thee in the Main :  
 Tho' Boisterous as the Winds at Sea they roar,  
 They're gentle all, as Southern Gales on Shore.  
 Th' Engagement past, the tender Thoughts return,  
 And for the Fair in Love's soft Fires they burn ;  
 In Beauty's dear Embraces lull'd they lie,  
 But when their *Country* calls, Her strongest Foes despise.

THESE hoist their Sails, and wait thy coming o'er,  
 And if thou dar'st to touch *Britannia's* Shore,  
 Ne'er hope to see thy Native *Sweden* more. }  
 How wilt thou dare these Hearts of Oak to meet,  
 Shou'd Young *Augustus* deign to lead the Fleet ?  
*Augustus ! He !* who striding o'er the Slain,  
 Hunted thy *New Ally* o'er *Flandria's* Plain :  
 The Boy, whose Cause forsaken now by all,  
 Calls for a Madman to prevent his Fall.  
 No *Dastard* Blood our PRINCES Veins disgrace,  
 Unlike the Princes of a Former Race,  
 Who wisely Slept or Blubber'd in Distress,  
 He'll Face the Battel, and will force Success.

FROM

FROM Great Plantagenet Augustus springs,  
By His Example taught to Conquer Kings;  
Methinks I see the Royal Warrior stand  
Dealing amongst his Chiefs thy Forfeit Land;  
While *Thou* shalt fall Unpity'd, and Forlorn,  
All Europe's Terror once, but now all Europe's Scorn.

FINIS.

